

THE Chimney Sweeper

A little black thing among the snow:
Crying weep, weep, in notes of woe!
Where are thy father & mother? say?
They are both gone up to the church to pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smil'd among the winters snow;
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy, & dance & sing,
They think they have done me no injury;
And are gone to praise God & his Priest & King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery.



THE FLY.

Little Fly, little Fly, If thought is life,
My summers play, And strength & breath;
My thoughts hand, And the want
Has brush'd away. Of thought is death;

Am not I so? Then am I
A fly like thee? A happy fly,
Or art not thou? If I live,
A man like me? Or if I die?

For I dance
And drink & sing;
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

